

FUN FOR THE BOYS

Lillian Russell Makes a Plea for Neglected Hallowe'en.

FAMOUS MEN LOVED THE DAY

Edgar Allan Poe and Benjamin Disraeli Said and Did Some Odd Things on Hallowe'en.

That such a holiday as Hallowe'en, "endowed with all the sweet nostalgia of love and romance," as St. George Nivart has it, should suffer neglect on the part of all who are not in the first flush of youth seems to me both regrettable and inexplicable. We Americans have not so many holidays as to be able to afford the loss of even one.

It may be that the absence of all tribute to the day, in the literary or artistic sense, may be responsible for the purely infantile associations of Hallowe'en. For instance, there are famous Christmas stories and to some



THE INITIAL TRICK.

extent Thanksgiving tales that have won celebrity for their authors. We are all familiar, too, with Christmas and Thanksgiving poems, pictures and plays. But who has read a really good Hallowe'en story—where is there a Hallowe'en picture or play?

To be sure, there is the quaint fresco on the walls of St. Etienne's, the disused sanctuary near Notre Dame, at Paris. The reproductions of this painting seem nowhere outside of France, however, beautiful as they are. The marquis of Ripon is now the owner of a superb collection of old prints, representing the charts of Hallowe'en made by the monks who played in the chapel connected with the Ripon castle only on this October holiday, and the service over, wended their way to the hollow trunk of a tree in the garden and marched therein, not to be seen for a whole year. So far as I know, Hallowe'en is not intimately associated with any locality except this. The Ripon, very naturally, have taken pride in the emblemism thus conferred upon their harp and harpist. While the old marquis lived the Hallowe'en parties there were famous. Disraeli's witicism of years ago, still quoted by ardent admirers of the prime minister, that a man ought to take himself seriously if nobody else will, was uttered at one of these affairs. He stood under the famous wooden tree, and, of course, the parliamentary inimitable diction and address made the utterance far more impressive than its repetition in cold type can ever be. It is no wonder that when this Hallowe'en, true blue down some years ago the Ripons secured no pains in having it restored to its old place, where it flourishes today, and long will do so, I hope.

The south seems to honor Hallowe'en more than any other section of our country. Father Ryan wrote some exquisite verses on the day shortly before his death, and I understand, although my information on this point is not definite, that they are to be printed shortly. The custom of dressing entirely in white on Hallowe'en seems to prevail more generally south of Mason and Dixon's line than anywhere else. Nor do I think we of the north have such models as are sung on this particular night near the Gulf of Mexico.

Are Hallowe'en superstitions or traditions? Will the boarding school miss, gazing into a cracked mirror at the dead hour of night, really see her future husband, if she counts seven hundred slowly and thoughtfully? Perhaps such queries are best answered by experience. At all events the world is permeable enough without destroying such illusions too readily. This is the story, by the way, that is related of Edgar Allan Poe and which, curiously enough, has not found its way into his biographies. His fate was caught by the traditions of Hallowe'en, and he determined to write a story in the theme. Unfortunately, he did not succeed in developing his motif until too late for publication in any magazine so far as that publisher was concerned. No manuscript was neglected in a drawer for many months. Finally when Hallowe'en drew near again, his child was looked up the abandoned shelf. For nothing had to be made of his production, but his own view, having frustrated the plan. When "The Raven's" author arose in a serene best morning his memory and



THE FUTURE HUSBAND IN THE GLASS.

manuscript were gone—where he seems never to have known. This is a phenomenon, not alone on account of the personal unconvenience Poe must have experienced at the time, which concerns himself mostly, but because our literature has thus been robbed of what may have turned out to be the best and the only immortal Hallowe'en tale ever written. No wonder Poe's biographers do not find much Hallowe'en enthusiasm in his make up.

I cannot recall that any momentous events in the world's history have transpired on Hallowe'en, nor is it, like the Fourth of July and Christmas, made additionally eminent as the date of the death or birth of great men nor as the anniversary of memorable events. After all, holidays can be advertised as effectively as business enterprises. If some immortal or other could contrive to associate the day with a portentous circumstance connected with himself, lovers of Hallowe'en would appreciate the compliment. This suggestion, I know, was once made by Thackeray apropos of his own birthday, but mere lack of originality should not impede the carrying out of a good idea.

Those who consider Hallowe'en undignified in its observance or as childish, should remember first, that the day is recognized and set apart by the church, and secondly, that there is nothing objectionable in childishness—occasionally "mingle a little folly with your wisdom," you know. The holiday is not an expensive one, like Independence day. It is not apt to be dangerous like the 1st of April. Nor is it expensive, as some feast occasions are.

My own memories of Hallowe'en are in no way more interesting, I presume, than those of the generality of people. At school we girls did all the frolicsome things that will be perpetrated very shortly in all the boarding schools of the land. The boys attired themselves fantastically in mask and domino, and there were the usual games and parties. But it seems to me there is less enthusiasm over it all than there used to be. If present educational systems are gripping all the humor and romance out of boys and girls or the joys of Hallowe'en are too tame for them. Perhaps the indifference

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References to five hundred cured patients in this city alone.

Dr. Rankin is a graduate of Ann Arbor, and has had years of experience in his specialties.

CHARGES \$5.00 A MONTH

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"MIX A LITTLE FOLLY WITH YOUR WISDOM."

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Which ever it be, let us hope that this year's observance will prove an exception. And if the boys and girls seem too exuberant in their frolic let the papas and the mammas remember,

"Of all the silly joys, I've seen,
None are so treacherous as Hallowe'en."

A very famous poet wrote that.

It has always seemed to me that our Irish friends are among the readiest to catch the spirit of this most neglected holiday in the year. If they have not heard of the gay Killarney parties that rally forth with bells and brooms, prepared to make the welkin ring. The Irish melodies, moreover, lend themselves very readily to the mysticism of the occasion, and no doubt, the national predisposition to be merry is another important element in the success of these affairs. There is a well-known Hallowe'en air, the words of which are all in the Irish tongue. I have listened to what purported to be a rendition of the music and it seemed very melodious. The words themselves, I understand, are among the gems of Irish literature, and it causes me much regret to learn that no English version of them exists. That archbishop of Tuam, who won distinction through the translation he made of Homer's Iliad into Irish, is said to be the author of the words and music of this Hallowe'en production.

I hope I shall escape the imputation of too great a weakness for this festival by admitting that, in imitation of a well-known *chanson* of the last century, I have often suggested to libertines that one once at least in an operatic production might well be based upon the mystic traditions of Hallowe'en. The wealth of material, spectacularly and artistically, seems to me infinite. Surely, if the stage possesses a title of its boasted influence the Hallowe'en idea is worthy of consideration. Readers of old English comedy will remember that Beaumont and Fletcher in a hygienic century embodied a similar conception in "Shepherd's All and Maiden's Fair," but a too censorious critic struck it out.

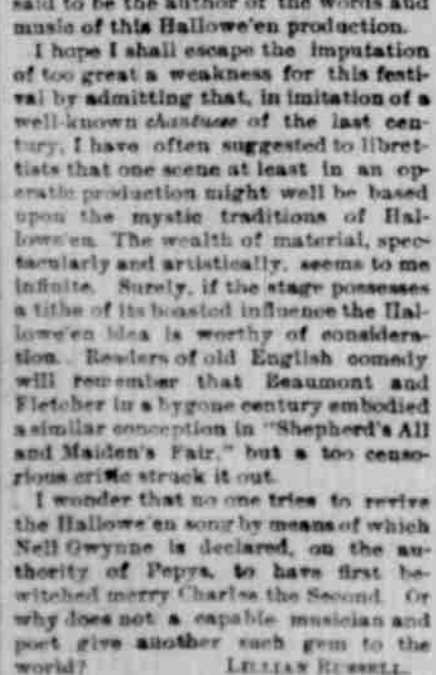
I wonder that no one tries to revive the Hallowe'en song by means of which Nell Gwynne is declared, on the authority of Pepys, to have first bewitched merry Charles the Second. Or why does not a capable musician and poet give another such gem to the world?

LILLIAN RUSSELL.

INDIA'S MILLIONS.

Some Idea of the Magnitude of the Task England Has to Perform.

One of the great wonders of the modern world is the supremacy which Great Britain has acquired over the people of India, who are second in numbers only to the population of China, and far outnumber any other nation in the East. Not only are they held in subjection by a comparatively handful of British troops, but they contribute a native army for the maintenance of British power in India. This wonderful state of things is due, not merely to British military courage and skill, but largely also to the wisdom and executive ability of the British charged with the administration of civil affairs in the country. Rome in her best days never showed more authority and skill. English methods in law and government have won the confidence of the people to a remarkable degree. Some



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Men Don't Understand.

No man ever suffered a single pang like unto woman.

Women, therefore, gladly turn to a woman for sympathy, counsel, and help in their peculiar troubles.

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"I would have been in my grave if I had not taken Mrs. Pinkham's medicine."—Mrs. Hannah Hyde, Detroit, Mich.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, Mrs. Pinkham's Living Pills, 235 State

An Investigation Requested.

A multitude of certificates have been published by Dr. Rankin in the last twenty months. He is ready at any time to make an affidavit to the genuineness of such and every one. The names and full addresses are always given so they can be investigated in person or by letter at any time, and Dr. Rankin urges that this be done. It is only a very small fee each of Dr. Rankin's cures that are published, only an occasional one to keep him before the public and show the results accomplished by his method of treatment. He demonstrates another one today. That of Mr. James Malloy, living at 178



JAS. MALLOY, 178 N. JONIA ST.

North Iowa street. He says: "I feel grateful to Dr. Rankin, as he has done me a world of good. I had been feeling badly for some time. I felt as though I had lost my head all the time. My nose was stopped up, my head felt heavy and stupid. I could not work well, as I couldn't think quick. I was tired and weak, and my sleep didn't rest me any. I had also a good deal of pain over my eyes. I was advised to consult Dr. Rankin, and as I knew of course he had made in old and obstinate cases I concluded to put my case in his hands. I took treatment for two months and he has cured me. I feel well in every respect. Nose clear, no headache, brain clear, and got up in the morning feeling as well as I ever did. I am glad of this opportunity to publicly recommend him."

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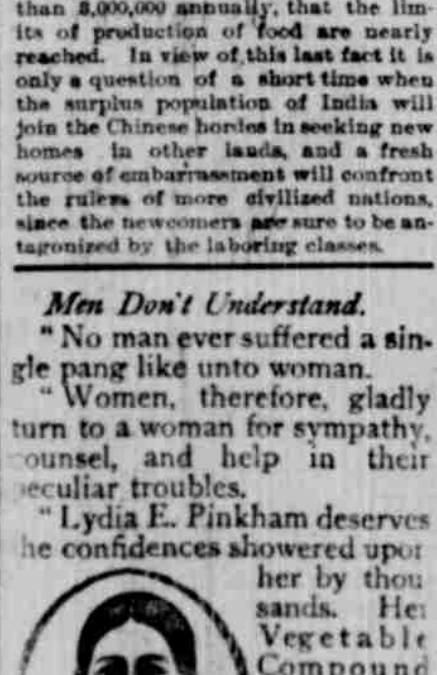
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SEALED PROPOSALS.

OFFICE OF CITY CLERK.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Oct. 29, 1903.

Sealed proposals will be received at the

office of the City Clerk, at the City Hall,

Grand Rapids, Mich., until 10 o'clock a.m.,

Monday, October 30, 1903, for the

construction of a sewer line, from the

intersection of the M. & N. R. R. to the

intersection of the M. & N. R. R. and the

M. & N. R. R. The plans and specifications

for the same are on file in the office of the

City Engineer, and may be examined at any

time. The successful bidder shall execute

a contract with the City of Grand Rapids,

Michigan, within ten days after the date of

the award of the contract. The City of Grand

Rapids, Michigan, reserves the right to reject

any and all proposals.

All proposals to be endorsed, "Proposals for

Sewer Construction," and to be deposited with

the City Clerk, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Attest:

W. A. SHINKMAN, City Clerk.

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